

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Ninth of the Series will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), December 4th, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include—Overture, *The Naiads* (Sterndale Bennett); Introduction and Air from *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); Fantasia on Polish Airs, for pianoforte and orchestra (Chopin); Symphony in F (Götz); Norwegian Songs (Greis); "L'Invitation à la Valse," for orchestra by Berlioz (Weber); Vocalist—Madame Louise Pyk. Pianist—Madame Janotta. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNI. Seats—2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

THIS EVENING.

MADAME LIEBHART and Madame EMES'S EIGHTH SATURDAY MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT (LAST BUT ONE), at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W., THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, December 4th, at Eight o'clock. Madames Liehart, Emes, E. Martens, A. Myers, and Renz; MM. L. Poynter, A. Martens, and P. de Benghardi. Pianoforte—Mr Lindo. Violoncello—Herren Leu and Bayrhoffer. Conductor—Signor A. ROMILL. Popular prices—3s., 2s., and 1s.

MADAME LIEBHART and Madame EMES'S BENEFIT CONCERT and LAST of the present Series, will take place on SATURDAY Evening, December 18th, at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W. Full particulars will be duly announced.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL.—The THIRD CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuell, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Marian McKenzie; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Mass; Mr Santley, Mr King, and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Areal, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had at Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MR JOHN CROSS'S MONDAY EVENING POPULAR CONCERTS, HOLBORN TOWN HALL.

ARTISTS FOR DECEMBER 6TH:

Madames ROSE STUART, EDITH MURRAY, and MARY CUMMINGS. Messrs ODOARDO BARRI, JOHN CROSS, and FRANK WARD. Organ—Mr H. COLLINGWOOD BANKS. Violin—Mr FRANK ARNOLD. Director—Mr F. SEWELL SOUTHGATE.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, CHELTENHAM.

MADAME ALICE ROSELLI

Has the pleasure to announce her

GRAND EVENING CONCERT, THURSDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 9th, 1880.

ARTISTS:

Madame ALICE ROSELLI, Miss HELEN MEASON, Mr W. H. CUMMINGS, Mr SANTLEY.

Solo Pianoforte and Conductor—Mr VON HOLST.

Tickets—Stalls, 5s.; Family Tickets, to admit Four Persons, 18s.; Second Seats, 2s. 6d.; Admission, One Shilling; to be obtained at Dale, Forty & Co.'s Pianoforte Gallery.

Concert to commence at Eight o'clock. Doors open for Ticket-holders only, at 7.15. Tickets can be purchased at the Doors at 7.30. Carriages for Ten o'clock.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—The NEXT CONCERT by the Students will take place at STEINWAY HALL, on SATURDAY Evening, December 18th, at Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, 5s.; Unreserved, 3s. Programme of the Concert, and particulars of the Vocal Academy can be obtained of Messrs Ashbee and Holloway, 23, Spring Street, Hyde Park; Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; and of Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Fourteenth Season, 1880. NOTICE.—The date of the next SOIREE MUSICALE will be duly announced. Full Prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent St., W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at Brighton on the 5th inst.; at Madames Liehart and Emes's Benefit Concert, on Saturday, the 18th inst.; and at some of the Polyglot Concerts, under the direction of Signor Vergara.

CHAMBER ORGAN BY BEVINGTON.

MESSRS GEO. GOULDSSMITH, SON & CO., beg to draw special attention to an excellent CHAMBER ORGAN, in Wainscot Case, by BEVINGTON, with 6 Stops, 12 Pedals, Foot and Hand Blowers, which will be included in the Sale of Furniture at No. 5, Beaumont Gardens, Brompton Road, on Tuesday next, the 7th inst., and will be sold at two o'clock precisely. On View the day previously.—Auction and Estate Office, 2, Pont Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"The bird that soars on highest wing, Builds on the ground her lowly nest: And she that doth most sweetly sing, Sings in the shade when all things rest." Thus George Herbert on the virtue of humbleness, and, as a statement of fact in ornithology, no one can dispute his words. The lark does make her home at the roots of the grass, and the nightingale does warble when she is least likely to be seen and heard. These habits are, doubtless, the best possible for the birds in question, and the lesson Herbert wishes them to convey may be equally good in the region of pure ethics. But not every man can afford, or finds it in his nature, to imitate the lark and the nightingale. Those exquisitely endowed creatures lose nothing by being humble. We all know that the one can sing at the gates of Heaven, and the other enchant a listening world. This, however, is no reason why the sparrow should grovel in the dust, or the blackbird discharge itself of song in some obscure and darkened corner of a wood. Similarly, those of us who are the counterparts of neither the lark nor the nightingale would be foolish if we were always permitting a sense of our own unworthiness to weigh us down. "Nothing venture, nothing have," and one of man's natural rights is to venture. Of course if he fail the world will laugh; but as every aspiring man knows that the higher the jump the greater will be the fall, we may allow him to run the risk and jump his best. Therefore, no one should reproach Signor Tito Mattei in that he, some few years ago, determined to write a "grand" opera on the largest possible scale—to do, that is, what Meyerbeer achieved in *Les Huguenots*, Rossini in *Guillaume Tell*, Wagner in *Tannhäuser*, and Verdi in *Aida*. Signor Mattei, we believe, had never attempted anything of the kind before, and it would appear that he resolved to put his powers to the test once for all, under the severest possible conditions. The result, in Signor Mattei's own judgment, we cannot pretend to divine. It may be that he will pour forth a stream of grand operas. But the public mind, at any rate, is satisfied on the question of his fitness to rank with Meyerbeer, Rossini, Wagner, and Verdi. They, like larks, go naturally to the sun, and as naturally, but for the stimulus of high ambition, the estimable composer of "Non è ver" would be satisfied with the modest altitude of the tree-tops.

Having resolved upon his grand opera, Signor Tito Mattei went to a compatriot—Signor Cimino—for a libretto. We regret to add that he was scarcely well served. True, the story of *Maria di Gand*, derived from M. Sardou's *Patrie*, is not a bad one, as things go now-a-days. Count George of Ghent, a Flemish nobleman reconciled to the Spanish domination of his country, has an intimate friend, Richard Orley, who, as a rebel against King Philip, has been proscribed. This Orley secretly enters Brussels, hoping to win the Count over to his cause, but the Spaniards get scent of his whereabouts and are close on his heels. When, therefore, Orley calls a meeting of conspirators in the ruins of his ancestral castle, the Countess Mary, between whom and the attainted man a tender feeling exists, arrives to warn him of his danger. She is only just in time. A band of Spanish soldiers, led by an active captain, Marco, appears on the scene; but Orley, the Countess, and Anna, her attendant, escape by a secret passage known only to themselves. At this juncture, the Duke of Alva comes from Spain to carry out the King's resolve against heresy. An edict threatening Protestants with death is promulgated in the public square, but the manly nature of the Count revolts against it. Having denounced the cruel law to Alva, he is about to be made prisoner, when Orley, stepping forward, slashes the royal document to pieces. He is at once arrested, and as the Count intercedes for him, Marco states that all his accomplices are in prison, save a lady who had visited him at night. The Count's suspicions are aroused, but Anna saves her friend and mistress by stepping forward to accuse herself. Orley is quickly put to death, and soon the Countess sees from her window the erecting of a scaffold for Anna's execution. Overcome with pity and remorse, she writes to the Duke, declaring Anna's innocence and her own guilt; but the message falls into the hands of the count, who thereupon resolves that his faithless wife shall die. To carry out his purpose he poisons some wine, and bids the Countess drink with him to Flanders. She takes the cup, but, moved by a sudden impulse, the Count snatches it from her, swallows the fatal contents, and dies. There is, obviously, material enough in this story for a powerful drama. Signor Cimino's drama is, however, weak. As

the end approaches, the details become far too involved for opera, but upon this it is not needful to insist, since much more culpable, because more avoidable, faults appear. The introduction of a half-drunken, wholly stupid character, Andrea Van Heyson—apparently for no other purpose than to be entrusted with Anna's letter, and by carelessness bring about the catastrophe—is a very gratuitous mistake. Then, nothing whatever is made of that formidable personage, the Duke of Alva. A more insignificant dramatic character is hard to conceive, his principal function being to sit in a chair of state and take insults; while, when the other persons come down to the front to unitedly express their various feelings, he stays up among the supers. But a still more remarkable example of disproportion is presented in Anna. This personage by accusing herself to save her mistress, performs an act of sublime devotion compared with which the best doings of the other characters are insignificant. Yet the deed passes as the merest detail, and its doer is, dramatically, almost as much a nobody as the Duke of Alva himself. To this we must add that, in dealing with the story, Signor Cimino has contrived to invite comparisons such as would have been better avoided. Thus, the scene of the insulted edict necessarily brings to mind that at Altdorf in *Guillaume Tell*: while the Count, after the discovery of his wife's conduct, so suffers and resolves as to make us see in him the double of the injured husband in *Un Ballo*. It is needless to go further for proofs of the statement already made—that Signor Tito Mattei has not been well served by his librettist.

Regarding the music, let us begin by complimenting the composer upon his courage. The man must needs be bold who, out of Italy, produces an uncompromising Italian opera, even when it is one of the latest type. Yet, Signor Mattei has done this. His *Maria di Gand* owes nothing to Wagner—save, it may be, a formidable fanfare in the great scene. So far from having an eye to the morrow, it is not even abreast of to-day, and probably some who hear it will regard the opera as a thing belonging to a bygone time accidentally mixed up with the things of the present. The fact is that Signor Mattei composed his music in what has been, and, *pace* Signor Boito, still is, the accepted Italian spirit and style. Its airs and *ensembles*, its cadences, and, to us, incongruous association of music and subject, are all racy of the "land of song." This is at least natural, honest, and straightforward; making us all the more regret our inability to find in the opera sufficient reason for its pretensions, or any hope of adequate return for the labour it has involved. The music runs on fluently enough, and is never at a loss, but it is little more than a reflection of music we have heard before, and its chief effect is to set us at work recalling and identifying the original. Beyond this no impression is made. The opera streams on like a river, and, like a river, gives no cause to remember its aspect at any particular moment as compared with what it was at any other. To this rule, however, we must in fairness allow one or two exceptions. The march for orchestra and brass band in the great scene of the edict is made, striking by a capital melody, effective arrangement, and impressive climax; while the "Song to Virtue," sung by the drunken Andrea, and George's air, "Deh mi sorride," contain passages specially worthy of note. It is possible to carry some idea of these things away; but the rest pass "like a tale that is told," even the delicacy and charm abundantly shown in the composer's smaller works being wanting. *Maria di Gand* was written some time ago, and does not, perhaps, represent Signor Mattei, artistically speaking, as he now is. If so, it might have been better had he waited for the completion of a riper work before challenging public criticism. Even now, with *Maria di Gand*, he might advantageously tone down the loud colours of an orchestra in which the roar of the brass predominates, and modify an emphasis that wearis by its monotonous exaggeration.

The opera was produced on Thursday, 25th ult., in good style; scenery, dresses, and appointments generally being adequate, while the spectacle presented by the public square in Brussels was really imposing. A better performance could, no doubt, have been conceived, but, looking at all the circumstances, we are not disposed to find grave fault. Mme. Giovanni-Zecchi—whose principal air had, for some reason, to be left out—played Maria artistically, both in a dramatic and musical sense. She knew her business, and long experience enabled her to make large amends for natural deficiencies. Signor Runcio's Orley could not be regarded as more

[Dec. 4, 1880.

than a pale shadow of what it might have appeared in the hands of a good actor, but the artist delivered much of the music with intelligence and effect. Signor Bonetti, too, deserved more praise for his singing than for his presentation of the stupid Andrea; but, on the other hand, Signor Ordinas, as Marco, though a fair actor, was a barely tolerable vocalist. The honours of the representation decidedly fell to Signor Aldighieri, who, albeit a little stagey and exaggerated, played the Count with a good deal of power and sang the music with more. His rendering of the soliloquy in which George laments the faithlessness of his wife and resolves upon her death was in many respects a fine effort, worthy the artist's reputation. We should add that the small part of the heroic Anna was well sustained by Mdile Barnardelli, and that of the Duke by Signor Pro. The reception of the entire opera was most demonstrative. Applause burst forth with sometimes troublesome frequency, and at the close of every act the composer and principal artists passed across the stage amid enthusiastic demonstrations. With as much of this laudation as applied to the manner of Signor Mattei's conducting we cordially agree.—D. T.

* * * [*Maria di Gand* has been twice repeated, on each occasion with similar marks of favour ; so, even if he be one of the last of the Romans, our Titus, instead of falling on his sword, as in the days of the Uncommonwealth, may placidly stroke his beard, like the Senators which heeded not Brennus.—D. W.]

MUSIC AT DRESDEN.

(Extracts from a private letter written by a lady on the spot.)

DEAR MR. ——.—I am intensely happy in this fair Art-worshipping city. Music breathes through the hours of every evening, and tube-roses and roses of soft hue are at my throat in fragrant knots and on my table every day, while the violets make little fragrant purple shadowings at the corners of the streets—the exquisite white waxen and most intensely perfumed tube-rose being bought for a penny, and roses from Italy are but threepence apiece here! I thank God daily for His flowers!

Annette Essipoff gave us a glorious concert—Chopin in his every mood—Sonata and Ballade full of deep, earnest thoughts, brilliant *Etudes*, magnificent *Polonaise*, dreamy *Nocturne*, electrifying *Scherzo*, and soft, passionate *Valse*. She looked the spirit of the music, with her dark lustrous beauty crowned by the calm of perfect power.

Our Symphony Concerts are intense joy to me.—*Heinrich der Löwe*, by Kretschmer, is the new opera, but for that I care not.—I heard a new oratorio, called *Petrus*, in the Frauen Kirche, on Friday, by Theodor Berthold. Parts of it were fine.

I am glad to have an excuse to write to you again, that I may record the brilliant success of our glorious little Diva, Mme Adeline Patti. The house was thronged, even in the standing places, from ground to ceiling. Countless times as I have hung on Patti's voice and sat enraptured with her perfect acting, I do not think I ever heard her sing so gloriously or act with such matchless grace, power, and pathos as enfolded and crowned her whole delineation of *Violetta* last evening. The "Fors' è lui" came trembling forth in silvery whispers of perfect melody that held the whole house breathless, the hush so intense as to be in itself a soul tribute; and through that wondrous silence came floating clear, as sweet, the lowest tones of that most perfect singer, until you marvelled how aught so soft and low could be so utterly distinct and richly full of melody divine. The electrifying brilliancy of the "Sempre libera" thrilled the whole house, as its dazzling cadences flashed like the moonlit waters of a cataract in their sparkling flow. From the first note to the last of the opera Patti held her audience spell-bound, and the passionate applause that broke each long-drawn silence told how deeply all her listeners' hearts were stirred. Her acting alone would have crowned her had she been voiceless. Throughout the whole scene with Alfredo's father the wounded pride and graceful haughtiness, the passionate pleading, the wondrous anguish, tenderness, and despair rendered Patti a *tragedienne* of unrivalled power. She was simply sublime, and her robes and jewels suited well her perfect loveliness. Though a woman, I can never describe

details of dress, but I feel intensely the perfection, or imperfection, of the mantlings that enfold the form of Beauty. Patti's first robe, of a soft pink hue, was most exquisite, and suited well her rich dark hair. Diamonds flashed amid that glorious hair, and from among the flowers of her robe, upon the train of which large lovely pink blooms lay, as though the flowers, yearning to follow her, had cast themselves down upon and were clinging lovingly to her trailing robes, smaller blossoms crept up the sides of her dress, up over its bodice, enwreathing her beautiful shoulders, and just a few nestled beside the gleaming diamonds in her hair. The second ball-dress—a white satin of wondrous sheen, with a wealth of snowy flowers floating over its folds—was another triumph of Worth's art; and both it and its rival of soft rose tint suited well the Diva's graceful form and lovely face. But the real triumph of her loveliness came, when it was truly greatest, as she lay dying, enfolded only in her soft white wrappings, the sweet, pale face crowned only with the dark masses of her glorious hair, and its own divine expression of sorrow unto anguish, and selfless, deathless love. Her *mezza voce* singing in this last scene was perfect beyond all words to tell of. It almost broke one's heart with its sobbing cadences of woe. And the curtain fell, but to rise again, and yet again, as Dresden echoed the world-accorded homage to the goddess Adelina.

"A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER."
(Mrs Hunter Hodgson.)

November 23rd,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, Nov. 27:—

Presto, from *Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, pianoforte* (Beethoven)—Miss Burghes, pupil of Mr Wingham ; Song (MS.), "The Better Land" (Herbert J. Smith, student)—(accompanist, Mr H. J. Smith)—Miss Rowe, pupil of Mr Eaton Fanning and Mr Sainton ; Allegro, in G minor, *Harpsichord Lessons* (Scarlatti), and Allegro, in G, *Suites de Pièces* (Handel), pianoforte—Miss C. Farmer, pupil of Mr Addison and Mr Shakespeare ; Air, "Then shall the righteous," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley, Lady Goldsmith scholar)—Mr Levetus, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers ; Prelude and Fugue, in G minor, (MS.), organ (Thomas B. Knott, student)—Mr W. G. Wood, pupil of Mr Shakespeare ; Air, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out," *Woman of Samaria* (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Mr R. Harvey Lohr, Potter exhibitioner)—Miss Delilah Harris, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Dr Steggall ; Prize Andante, in B flat (MS.), pianoforte and violin (A. Goring Thomas, student)—Miss Maud White, Mendelssohn scholar, and Mr F. Arnold, pupils of Mr W. H. Cummings ; Duetto, "La bella Giulia," *Canto popolare Toscano* (Ettore Fiori)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley, Lady Goldsmith scholar)—Miss May Bell and Mr B. Davies, pupils of Mr Prout, Mr F. B. Jewson, and Mr Sainton ; Prelude, in D minor, Op. 37, No. 3, organ (Mendelssohn)—Miss Evelyn Green, second study, pupil of Mr Fiori ; Fantasia, in C minor, dedicated to his wife, pianoforte (Mozart)—Miss Beatrice Davenport, pupil of Mr W. G. Wood ; Song (MS.), "Two Pictures" (Rose Evans, student)—(accompanist, Miss Rose Evans)—Mr H. Jones, pupil of Mr Westlake ; Rondo, "Gavotte," *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley, Lady Goldsmith scholar)—Miss Augusta Arnold, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Shakespeare ; Preludes and Fugues, in B flat minor and A, Book 1, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss Dyer, pupil of Mr Fiori ; Song, "Dawn, gentle flower" (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley, Lady Goldsmith scholar)—Miss Lena Turner, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren ; Sonata, in B flat, pianoforte and violin (Dussek)—Miss Eckless and Mr F. Arnold, pupils of Mr Benson ; Recitative, "Folle e colui," and Aria, "Nasce al bosco," *Esio* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr Samson)—Mr F. Sewell Southgate, pupil of Mr Harald Thomas and Mr Sainton ; *Tema con Variazioni*, *Andante con moto*, and Rondo, Allegro, from *Sonata in D, Op. 12, No. 1*, pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Miss South, second study, and Mr Smythies, pupil of Mr F. Walker.

BERLIN.—At her farewell performance, the Emperor Wilhelm went on the stage to compliment Mdme Adelina Patti. In the course of conversation, he enquired what stay she thought of making in America. Mdme Patti replied that she fancied it would be about two years. "Two years," observed the Emperor, "is a long time at my age, and, when thanking you once more, I am probably saying good-bye for the last time."

SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The second of these concerts was an advance upon the first in regard alike to the interest of the programme, the excellence of the performance, and the recognition of both by a large and critical assembly. Progress in the same ratio for a little while longer must necessarily go far towards laying the foundation of a successful enterprise, upon the prospect of which every well-wisher to the cause of orchestral music in London will congratulate himself not less than Mr F. H. Cowen, to whom he owes it. The concert now under review began with Haydn's Symphony in C major, first of the twelve composed in England according to the master's agreement with Salomon, by whom, as every reader of musical history knows, his services were twice engaged for this country. This work, however, though the first in order, was not the first of the "Salomon set" actually produced, the honour, for some reason or other, falling to No. 2. But the Symphony in C is not less deserving than its immediate successor, if only because of its slow movement—one of those graceful themes, as gracefully varied, which Haydn could bring forth with all the facility of a natural process. It was quite refreshing to hear the old composer's music on Saturday evening. By contrast with what is common, the experience resembled a change from a Thames valley fog to the clearness of a Sussex down, or from the rant of a mob orator to the neatness and logic of an academic utterance. Inevitable under any circumstances, this resemblance was strongly accentuated by a capital rendering of the various movements. We should have preferred an increased speed in the *Presto assai (finale)*, and the strident tones of the cornets doing duty as trumpets might have been tempered with advantage to the general effect. These things apart, there was nothing whatever of which to complain. Mr W. Shakespeare contributed the second orchestral piece, a "Dramatic Overture," in D, originally composed six years ago, but entirely re-written last October, and now produced for the first time. We cannot, of course, know how much of merit the first edition of this overture contained, but most probably the second illustrates the enormous importance to a composer of keeping such a work by him a while, and then putting it to the test of enlarged experience and riper art. Be this as it may, Mr Shakespeare's latest orchestral achievement is one of high and distinguished merit. We do not unreservedly approve it, and would urge the composer—who, if genius be "the faculty of taking pains," has that rare endowment—to write his "free fantasia" a third time. At present the "working out" part of the overture seems to us lacking in interest as well as in musical effect, and, the rest being so excellent, there is every reason why it should be amended. Otherwise the work presents charm of theme and treatment; powerful contrasts, such as justify the term "dramatic," and orchestration full of variety and beauty. The second subject, alike in itself, its introduction, and development, is especially attractive—worthy, indeed, of any composer, we care not whom. After the success here achieved, Mr Shakespeare will be expected to follow on with others, or, at any rate, with strenuous effort that others may be gained. Overtures and symphonies are risky things, it is true, but those who are able to write them should reflect that, in the parable of the talents, the only man censured is he who, instead of putting his lord's money out to usury, stopped to reason, concluded that it might bring nothing in, and wrapped it snugly away.

Following the overture came Goetz's pianoforte concerto in B flat, one of the recently published posthumous works of that lamented composer. This concerto was played a few weeks ago at the Crystal Palace by Mr Charles Hallé; but the honour of first performing it in London proper devolved, last Saturday, on Mdme Frickenhaus, a talented lady who, for all her foreign name, is, we are glad to say, of English birth and parentage. Though not without the faults incidental to Goetz's comparative inexperience, and to the very affluence as well as, in some respects, the particular nature of his own ideas, the concerto is a remarkable and masterly production. How it could be improved remains no secret to careful observers, since its obvious defect lies in over-elaboration, or, perhaps we should say, in over-extension. The long exordium to the first movement is, for instance, a mistake, as is the still longer double introduction to the *finale*, which itself stands convicted of almost perilous diffuseness. It says no little for the quality of the music that the listener's interest survives all complications, and holds out to the end. For this, however, the concerto owes much to the slow movement—one of the most beautiful things that modern art has given to music. Here we have not alone a good but a great thing. It is a veritable creation of genius, that by its own instinct takes a lofty flight and, like the poet's skylark, soars "higher and ever higher." From first to last the movement is animated by the spirit of beauty, while, whether we regard it for poetic expression or technical skill, we discover nothing but cause for admiration. The solo part abounds with difficulties, but Mdme Frickenhaus has great command of the key-board, and

this, in alliance with a remarkable feeling for rhythm, enabled her to pass successfully through no common ordeal. The performance as a whole reflected much credit upon Mr Cowen and those who followed his *bâton*. The second part of the concert opened with a novelty from the pen of the conductor, to whom had occurred the happy thought of writing a *Suite de Ballet*, made up of six orchestral pieces suggested by the accepted "language" of favourite flowers and plants. Mr Cowen has worked out the pretty idea with entire success. Selecting the daisy (*Innocence*), the lilac (*First Emotions of Love*), the fern (*Fascination*), the columbine (*Folly*), the yellow jasmine (*Elegance and Grace*), and the lily (*Gaiety*), he has founded upon the sentiment of each a short piece intended to give it expression. Thus "*Innocence*" is represented by a naive *allegretto scherzando* in six-eight rhythm; the "*First Emotions of Love*" are depicted by a tender and melodious *andante*; "*Fascination*" has its embodiment in a somewhat coquettish *moderato*; "*Folly*" in an eccentric *scherzo* that tumbles like a clown among keys and scales; "*Elegance and Grace*" in a bewitching *gavotte*; and "*Gaiety*" in a lively and well-marked *allegro*. Generally appropriate as are all these, and distinguished by a happy vein of melody, there charm is to a large extent found in picturesque orchestration. Indeed, the colouring of the little pieces resembles in daintiness and beauty that of the flowers with which they are associated. That the *Suite* was well received hardly need be said. Every number elicited applause, and the *Gavotte* was repeated in answer to a persistent demand. Mr Cowen should at once issue these pretty pieces in the form of pianoforte duets. The remaining instrumental works were Chopin's *Impromptu* in F sharp, for pianoforte, and Weber's Overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*. In the course of the evening Mdme Patey gave a dramatic and powerful rendering of Mr Cowen's song "*Cassabianca*," while Signor Foli was heard to special advantage in an air from Verdi's *Nabucco*.—D. T.

GASPARD DI SALO.—The two fine tenors, mentioned in "Hart's History of the Violin" (p. 113), together with a violin and a chamber double bass, made by this celebrated Brescian artist, have been recently sold by auction by Messrs Puttick & Simpson, and produced the sum of £76, £91, £41, and £21, respectively. They were the property of the late Dr Steward, of Wolverhampton.

THE GRAPHIC.—Three weeks will elapse before Christmas arrives, but the tide of novelties proper to that season is already coming in. For example, the proprietors of the *Graphic*, taking time by the forelock, have just brought out their extra annual number, which may now be regarded in the light of a national institution. The present issue will bear the test of comparison with the most attractive of its predecessors. It contains eight coloured and seven tinted engravings, all executed with care and pictorial effect. The subjects are pleasantly diversified; some are pathetic, some drily or broadly humorous, some instinct with the spirit of jocularity which King Christmas alone has the privilege of evoking. Especially happy, perhaps, is the picture of a grim old cavalier as, with his eyes half shut, his lips sternly compressed, and his figure drawn up to its full height in silent assertion of his dignity, he holds forth what seems to be an acknowledgment of debt, with an intimation that "an early settlement will oblige." In regard to the letterpress, Mr Arthur Locker has something new to say as to the Babes in the Wood, and other stories are contributed by Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. West, Mr F. Anstey, Miss C. J. Hamilton, and Mr Grenville Murray. But the principal feature of the number has yet to be noticed. This is a copy in colours of a picture expressly painted for the work by Mr Millais. "Cherry Ripe," as it is called, introduces us to a little demure-looking girl of somewhat rustic aspect, in the quaint costume of 100 years or more ago, her hair being fringed over the forehead and falling upon her shoulders. The would-be serious expression of her face as, with a plate of cherries at her side, she joins her mitten hands upon her lap, apparently in the act of saying grace after dinner, is extremely pleasing, and is rendered more pleasing by the big mop cap which covers her head. The character of a picture cannot be rightly estimated by means of a *fac-simile*; but, as far as we can judge, "Cherry Ripe" is distinctively Millaisian in drawing, colour, and sentiment. In a handbill issued with the number, it may be added, some curious statistics are given. The first edition consists of 400,000 copies, and has involved an outlay of £14,000. The drawing and engraving cost £3,000, the printing and electrotyping £6,000, and the paper—weighing 120 tons—£5,000. No fewer than 450 persons have been employed in the work, most of them for six months. The enterprise indicated by all these figures may seem too daring; but as the first edition is already exhausted, there is no room for fear as to the result.—*Times*.

The Musical Union.



The great feature at the "fourth" sitting was the posthumous quartet in F minor of Mendelssohn, performed by Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. The circumstances under which this work was written by the lamented composer must render it an object of particular interest to all his admirers, especially in this country, where he was, if possible, more warmly appreciated even than in his own. The quartet in F minor was conceived and achieved by Mendelssohn when suffering under the greatest affliction. The early and unanticipated death of a beloved sister threw him into a condition of deep despondency, from which he never recovered. His death, following shortly after, seemed but the accomplishment of a foreboding which had haunted him from his youth. Though by no means a superstitious man, Mendelssohn felt convinced, and frequently declared to his intimate friends, that, whether his sister or himself died first, the other would not long survive. How true were his words the world has not yet ceased to remember with regret. The quartet in F minor, the last work from his pen, produced under the influence of such unconquerable sorrow, is naturally of a gloomy and mournful character. There is nothing like Mendelssohn in it, except its superiority to the music of every other composer of the day. Three out of the four movements, all in the key of F minor, are but more or less intense expressions of the same melancholy sentiment. The *adagio*, in A flat major, is more resigned, but still plaintive and sorrowful. We are not saying too much in pronouncing this quartet one of the most marvellously expressive pieces the music of the chamber can boast. Its influence is depressing to the utmost degree, but there is a consolation in thinking that, like a flood of tears, it relieved the heart of Mendelssohn from a large part of the burden that oppressed it. By its means he made the world a loved associate, and poured out all his anguish, as into the bosom of a tried and trusty friend. Regarded in this light, what a holy thing is art, and what a noble gift and mighty power to be able, by the united forces of genius and acquirement, to convert it into a language, by means of which the heart declares itself, and, while the tongue laments, the soul may hope and aspire! Any attempt at an analysis of such a work as the quartet in F minor would be presumption. We shall not, therefore, commit ourselves, but leave the ungrateful task to the pedants of the future. Let our firm and sincere conviction suffice, that Mendelssohn never spoke more eloquently through the medium of his beloved art; which is equivalent to saying that nothing in its way has surpassed this one of the latest inspirations of his genius.

To give the full and satisfactory expression to such a work as the quartet in F minor demands a combination of qualities that were, perhaps, never united in the person of any other violinist than Ernst, who is not merely the poet *par excellence*, but one of the most extraordinary masters of his instrument the world has known. A more pathetic, touching, and impassioned performance than his on the present occasion we are unable to recall in our memory of quartet playing. It gave audible significance to all that Mendelssohn had thought, and made his grief intelligible to every hearer, winning deepest sympathy while it excited strongest admiration. Piatti was scarcely less admirable;

while Hill and Deloffre showed themselves worthy of such honourable association. The quartet created the most profound sensation, and must henceforth stand recorded among the masterpieces of its immortal composer.

M. Stephen Heller's performance of Beethoven's Trio in B flat justified all our praises on the occasion of his *début* at the Beethoven Quartet Society. This gentleman's qualities are of the highest and most refined order, and place him among the first classical pianists of the day. His reading and execution of the noble inspiration of Beethoven were equally fine, and his success was as triumphant with the aristocratic audience which assembles at Mr Ella's meetings as with the purely music-public of M. Rousselot.

Haydn's quartet in C, No. 57, by the same players, and three of the charming *Pénéées Fugitives* of Ernest and Stephen Heller, executed with splendid effect by the brother authors, completed this interesting programme. The room was more crowded than on any previous occasion. Ghos t

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

By the time these lines appear in print, the new ballet by Coppée-Widor will possibly have been produced at the Grand Opera. Meanwhile, a discussion goes on between Jules Prévél, of the *Figaro*, and Coppée-Widor, as to the spelling of the title. Emile Souvestre, the author of the work on which the ballet is founded, writes *Korrigane* with one *r*. Coppée-Widor writes "*La Korrigane*," on the authority of the best Breton scholars. In a letter addressed to the *Figaro*, the incomparable Tiercelin says that: "Emile Souvestre, as a Bretonising Breton, Bretonised badly in writing *Korigan* with a single *r*, and François Coppée, a Parisianising Parisian, is right. . . . *Korrigane*, an elf, and *Korrigane*, a fairy, come from the Breton word *Korr* (with two *r*'s), signifying "dwarf." The words *Korrigan* (dwarf, in the Vannes dialect) *Korriguez*, *Korrick*, *Korriged* (fairy) all have two *r*'s." This Jules Prévél himself allows. Controversy, however, has directed attention to the ballet, and served as a "*réclame*" ("puff").—Maurel has left Paris to return on May-day.—M. Lassalle will resume the leading parts in *Hamlet* and *Don Juan*. Halanzier has been elected new president of the Dramatic Artists' Association. Wishing to inaugurate the event by a performance in aid of the funds of the Association, he applied to Vaucoeur for the use of the building over which he had reigned despotically for eight years. The petition was granted, and the performance fixed for the 23rd inst.

At the Opéra-Comique, Mme Miolan Carvalho will re-appear in *La Flûte enchantée*, and *Les Noces de Figaro*.—The prize offered by the City of Paris has been awarded to *La Tempête*, symphonic poem in three parts, book by Armand Silvestre and Pierre Berton, music by Alphonse Duvernoy. Eighteen competitors sent in scores, of which twelve were at once rejected. Of the six remaining, four only were found to possess any claim to consideration. *La Tempête*, *Les Argonauts*, *Daniel*, and *Cléopâtre*; and ultimately the decision was in favour of *La Tempête*. The composer of *Les Argonauts* is Mlle Augusta Holmes, a young lady of Irish descent, honourably mentioned as author (music and words) of *Lucrèce*, a "lyrical scene." The Judges declared that *Lucrèce* ought to be performed, like the prize work, at the expense of the Municipality. *Daniel*, by M. Meupou, and *Cléopâtre*, by Camille Benoit, were also honourably named. The performance of *La Tempête* took place on the 24th ult., at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Mesdames Krauss and Franck-Duvernoy, MM. Gaillard, Vergnet and Faure, were the leading singers, supported by the chorus and orchestra of Colonne, under the direction of their singularly able chief.—Victor Massé, having been for some years unable to fulfil his duties as professor of composition at the Conservatory, (where he succeeded Carafa), Guiraud (composer of *Piccolino*) has been appointed to the post. Guiraud (composer of *Piccolino*) is replaced as professor of harmony by Lenepveu, composer of a four-act opera, *Velléda*, which Adelina Patti has not promised to bring out.

ST ANDREW'S EVE AT ST JAMES'S HALL.

The annual gathering at St James's Hall, on the evening of Nov. 30th, is now an accepted institution. The building was densely thronged by an overwhelming assemblage of our "brother Scots," who had "fore-gathered" from all parts of the metropolis and the provinces to pay homage to their patron saint. Scotch plaids, Scotch bonnets—the Tam o' Shanter, Glengarry, and Kilmarnock—were predominant; and right heartily did our brethren "fras ayont the Tweed" enter into the spirit of the entertainment, the interest never flagging for a moment from the beginning to the end of the concert. The programme commenced with Sir Walter Scott's spirited chorus, "Hail to the Chief," which was sung in splendid style by "The Glasgow Select Choir" and encored. These exponents of choral singing made their appearance in London for the first time, and are possessors of fine fresh voices; and the applause with which they were greeted was well deserved. Their rendering of the humorous part-song, "The Laird o' Cockpen," was unique and quaint; and the "Tramp Chorus" from *Rob Roy*, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," "Up in the morning early," and "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," were admirable specimens of part-singing. Their humorous treatment of "Willie Waste"—substituted, by desire, for "Of a' the airts"—was rapturously applauded and encored. The solo in the "Tramp chorus" was efficiently sustained by Master Arthur Probert. Three gentlemen from the Glasgow Select Choir also sang the humorous glee, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," in a very effective manner. The conductor, Mr James Allan, deserves great credit for the able way in which he has trained his choir. Miss Thorndike contributed "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Robin Adair," and "Comin' thro' the rye." Mr Walter Clifford sang "The March of the Cameron Men" and "Bonnie Dundee" extremely well. Miss Agnes Ross, who appeared for the second time at these concerts, received an enthusiastic reception, and sang "We're a' noddin'," in her characteristic style, and was vociferously encored. She also gave Neil Gow's "Caller Herrin'," in the second part, and this she rendered in a highly striking manner, thunders of applause being ample testimony to the delight enjoyed by the audience. On re-appearing Miss Ross gave as an encore "There's nae luck aboot the house," which elicited equal enthusiasm. She was also most successful in "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Mr Herbert Reeves made his first appearance at a Scotch concert and was received with immense favour. He sang "Bonnie wee thing"—an original setting by Mr George Fox—and "Annie Laurie," in a most elegant and irreproachable style, being recalled after each song. Mr Santley has been frequently applauded in this hall for his humorous and descriptive singing of "The jolly Beggar," and "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and there was no stint of appreciation on this occasion. Mdme Patey roused the patriotism of the hyperboreans by her vigorous declamation of "Scots wha hae," in her rendering of which (for a lady) she stands unrivaled. A scene of great excitement here ensued, and Mdme Patey had no alternative but to re-appear and repeat the last verse. Her singing of "My boy Tammy" was a combination of pathos and humour, and was greatly applauded. The appearance of Mr Sims Reeves was the signal for tumultuous cheering. He sang "The Land o' the Leal" in the most pathetic and touching manner, drawing tears from the eyes of many of the audience. He was rapturously re-called. He also sang the Highland war song, "The Macgregor's Gathering." On its conclusion a scene of wild excitement followed, the audience endeavouring for several minutes by their storm of applause to induce the great tenor to sing again. This, however, Mr Reeves steadily declined to do, and by degrees silence was restored. The concert was a most triumphant success. Great credit is due to Mr Ambrose Austin, the spirited *entrepreneur*, for bringing together in one evening such a host of talent, not the least attractive feature of it being the Glasgow Select Choir. Messrs Sidney Naylor and Henry Parker presided at the pianoforte. The entertainment was brought to a termination with "Auld lang syne" and "God save the Queen."

After visiting Odessa, Kieff, Charkow, and other towns in the South of Russia, Mdme Vera Timanoff will, at the end of the present month, undertake a concert-tour in Holland.

BRUSSELS.—The Queen attended the distribution of prizes at the Conservatory. The Minister of the Interior acted as president, having on his right the Prince de Caraman Chimay, chairman of the Conservatory Committee, and on his left M. Gevaert. The proceedings wound up with a short concert, in which a chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* made a deep impression.—M. Tivadar Nacher, a Hungarian violinist, is shortly expected. After studying under Joachim, he spent four years in Paris. He is preceded by favourable reports from Pesth and Vienna.

NEW MOT OF MDLLE SARAH BERNHARDT.

French critics are much interested in observing that Mdle Sarah Bernhardt has thoroughly adapted herself to American habits. She writes home to the *Gaulois* that she breakfasts at 10, lunches at 1, dines at 5, and sups at midnight, a way of living altogether opposed to French habits. In order, she says, to put herself in harmony with American ideas, instead of drinking *eau rouge*—that is to say, Bordeaux and water—she drinks absolutely pure water—"really," she says, "absolutely pure." "It is true," adds Mdle Bernhardt, "that this is not a common water, it is as pleasing to the palate when pure as ordinary water mixed with wine. It is *Apollinaris Water*—Mdle Sarah explains, for the edification of the Parisians. She drinks it iced like champagne, in American fashion, and "an excellent fashion it is." From time to time, to remind herself of "*la belle France*," she adds a few drops of Château-d'Yquem, "a means of marrying the king of wines with the queen of waters."

LEIPSIC.

(Correspondence.)

Un Ballo in Maschera was lately produced at the Stadttheater for the first time. Better late than never.—At their fourth concert the members of Riedl's Vocal Association executed, in St Thomas's Church, the second part of J. S. Bach's *Wiehnachtsoratorium* and Johannes Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem*.—On the 22nd November, the centenary of Conradin Kreutzer's birth, there was a concert in aid of the funds of the Kreutzer Monument. The Paulus and Hellas Associations and the Männergesangverein gave their services.—Arnold Wehner, at one time Royal Hanoverian *Capellmeister*, died here a short time since. He was formerly Musical Director in the University of Göttingen, a post he resigned when appointed head of the Cathedral Choir, then recently formed in Hanover. He afterwards lived as a private teacher in the South of Germany, and fixed his permanent residence in this town about five years before his death.

ROBIN'S TRYST.*

Come, love, for the twilight dims the grove,
The nightingale's gone to rest,
I heard it sing its melting lay,
Ere it sought its downy nest.
The moon peeps over the mountain top,
With an earnest, longing gaze,
While the streamlet pauses in its song,
To ask where Robin strays.

Speed, speed on thy magic way,
The love that is true will last for aye ;
Speed, speed, for the breezes sigh,
The love that is false will surely die.

It cannot be that his love grows cold,
For his life is linked with mine,
He has trained my heart to cling to his,
As the tendril to the vine ;
But the nightingale has drooped its head,
And the moon rides up the sky,
While the streamlet has resumed its song,
Yet Robin draws not nigh.

Speed, speed on thy magic way,
The love that is true will last for aye ;
Speed, speed for the breezes sigh,
The love that is false will surely die.

But hark ! 'tis the sound of Robin's voice
That falls on my listening ear ;
How it stills the tumult of the heart,
When his welcome step I hear.
Ah, Robin ! list to the streamlet's song,
It sings of my love for thee ;
Tell me, doth streamlet or breeze pourtray
My Robin's love for me ?

Speed, speed on thy magic way
Sweet streamlet, my love will last for aye ;
Speed, speed, though the breezes sigh,
Such a love as mine can never die.

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WEINSTEIN.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1880,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, Op. 10, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Sorge infanta" (Handel)—Mr Frederic King; Fantasia, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—by desire, Mdme Janotta.

PART II.—Song, "If thou thy deeds" (Sullivan)—Mr Frederic King; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, "or piu forte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Janotta, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Le soir" (Gounod)—Mr Saincty; Rondo alla Mazurka, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—first time, Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Sonata, in D major, for violin, with piano-forte accompaniment (Rust)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Penance" (Beethoven)—Mr Santley; Quartet, in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Rheinberger)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdme Norman-Néruda, Mr Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR PIATTI BY FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.

Engraved by FRANCIS HOLL. Artist's Proofs, with Autograph of Signor Piatti, £3 3s.; Proofs before Letters, £2 2s.; Plain Impressions, £1 1s. Proof Engravings to be seen at Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons, 39A, Old Bond Street (the Publishers); and Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; where Subscribers' names will be received.

M D M E A R A B E L L A G O D D A R D b e g s t o a n n o u n c e t h a t h e r A C A D E M Y f o r L a d y S t u d e n t s i n P i a n o f o r t e M u s i c w a s R E - O P E N E D o n W E D N E S D A Y , O c t . 6 . C l a s s e s n o w f o r m i n g . P r o s p e c t u s e s o f t h e S E C R E T A R Y , S t e i n w a y H a l l , L o w e r S e y m o u r S t r e e t , W .

DEATHS.

On November 26, at 53, Welbeck Street, ALICE ANN, the wife of JOHN THOMAS, Esq., in her twenty-fifth year.

On November 26, at Sadowsa House, Eastbourne, the residence of her son-in-law, C. R. Wessel, Esq., dearly loved and deeply regretted, ELIZA D. RAFFINGTON, widow of Lieutenant S. Burrows Raffington, R.N., granddaughter of the late John Callander, Esq., of Craigforth, Stirling, N.B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR CUNNINGHAM G. (The Chilling).—For "Sportportiandoptions" apply to M. Dunquerkeofchampagne.

"EXEUNT AMBO CONVINCED."—W. S. Gilbert of course (*Bab Ballads*). Who other could possibly have written—nay conceived—the line? And then, the two farmers going off contentedly, arm in arm. As Scott has it eftly—"Jesu-Mari shield us well!"

SPINOSIST.—*Tractatus-Theologico-Politicus*, unquestionably; *Philosophia Scriptura interpres*, doubtful.

CRESCENDO.—Mosca, Generali. *Vide Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN (Leeds).—Accepted. Lead Church (*no turning back*) at Christmas. Then, Tadcaster (Service Tree and Sable). Then a mile or so nearer Leeds—first Part. Many thanks to F. R. for photograph.

SENEX.—The pianoforte accompanist at Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts is Mr Sidney Naylor, a highly efficient one, as all amateurs well know. Mr Boosey has not, nor has he ever had, any objection to Mr Henry Leslie's "favourite yellow."

M D M E A L I C E B A R T H (soprano) and Miss Lucy Franklin (contralto) are engaged to perform with Mr Sims Reeves in *Guy Mannering* and *The Beggars' Opera* at the new Theatre Royal, Bristol, the week after next.

MESSRS A. and S. GATTI have purchased the right of the English version, for the Adelphi Theatre, of *Michael Strogoff*, recently produced with so much success in Paris, and composed by MM. D'Ennery and Jules Verne. The piece is to be produced in the early spring on a scale of great splendour, and the cast of characters will include several of the most popular favourites of the London stage. The scenery will be entrusted to Mr William Leverley, the great scenic artist.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

The 1st of December, 1880.

An eagle cleaves the gloomy clouds in sunder,
Sails high upon the weather; and the hoary
Sea is torn up with storm. One ray of glory,
Sun-sent, silvers his head. The blood-hound thunder
Growls fainter on his track, tired out. Far under,
The carrion crows and vultures, foiled of quarry,
Scream shrilly, for their beaks may not be gory
With a dead eagle's heart to-night. O wonder!
Whose mighty wings have sted the dangerous gale,
As they shall stem the tempests that come after,
With Hope and Strength for plumes, and win the place
Of Nation-Leader for our England, —Hail!
As for you hypocrites,—Go to; your laughter
Sounds like a howl, your smile is a grimace.

Polka.



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TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1880,
At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, Op. 10, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Sorge fausta" (Handel)—Mr Frederic King: Fantasia, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—by desire, Mlle Janotta.

PART II.—Song, "If doughty deeds" (Sullivan)—Mr Frederic King; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Janotta, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880,
At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Le soir" (Gounod)—Mr Santley: Rondo alla Mazurka, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—first time, Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Sonata, in D major, for violin, with piano-forte accompaniment (Riist)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Penitence" (Beethoven)—Mr Santley; Quartet, in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Rheinberger)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdme Norman-Néruda, Mr Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

PORTRAIT of SIGNOR PIATTI by FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.
Engraved by FRANCIS HOLL. Artist's Proofs, with Autograph of Signor Piatti, £3 3s.; Proofs before Letters, £2 2s.; Plain Impressions, £1 1s. Proof Engravings to be seen at Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons, 39a, Old Bond Street (the Publishers); and Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; where Subscribers' names will be received.

M D M E ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectives of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

DEATHS.

On November 26, at 53, Welbeck Street, ALICE ANN, the wife of JOHN THOMAS, Esq., in her twenty-fifth year.

On November 26, at Sadowsa House, Eastbourne, the residence of her son-in-law, C. R. Wessel, Esq., dearly loved and deeply regretted, ELIZA D. RAFFINGTON, widow of Lieutenant S. Burrows Raffington, R.N., granddaughter of the late John Callander, Esq., of Craigforth, Stirling, N.B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR CUNNINGHAM G. (The Chilling).—For "Sportportiandoptions" apply to M. Dunquerkeofchampagne.

"EXEUNT AMBO CONVINCED."—W. S. Gilbert of course (*Bab Ballads*). Who other could possibly have written—nay conceived—the line? And then, the two farmers going off contentedly, arm in arm. As Scott has it eftly—"Jesu-Mari shield us well!"

SPINOSIST.—*Tractatus-Theologico-Politicus*, unquestionably; *Philosophia Scriptura interpres*, doubtful.

CRESCENDO.—Mosca, Generali. *Vide Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN (Leeds).—Accepted. Lead Church (*no turning back*) at Christmas. Then, Tadcaster (Service Tree and Sable). Then a mile or so nearer Leeds—First Part. Many thanks to F. R. for photograph.

SENEX.—The pianoforte accompanist at Mr John Booze's London Ballad Concerts is Mr Sidney Naylor, a highly efficient one, as all amateurs well know. Mr Booze has not, nor has he ever had, any objection to Mr Henry Leslie's "favourite yellow."

M D M E ALICE BARTH (soprano) and Miss Lucy Franklin (contralto) are engaged to perform with Mr Sims Reeves in *Guy Mannering* and *The Beggars' Opera* at the new Theatre Royal, Bristol, the week after next.

MESSRS A. and S. GATTI have purchased the right of the English version, for the Adelphi Theatre, of *Michael Strogoff*, recently produced with so much success in Paris, and composed by MM. D'Ennery and Jules Verne. The piece is to be produced in the early spring on a scale of great splendour, and the cast of characters will include several of the most popular favourites of the London stage. The scenery will be entrusted to Mr William Leverley, the great scenic artist.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

The 1st of December, 1880.

An eagle cleaves the gloomy clouds in sunder,
Sails high upon the weather; and the hoary
Sea is torn up with storm. One ray of glory,
Sun-sent, silvers his head. The blood-hound thunder
Grows fainter on his track, tired out. Far under,
The carrion crows and vultures, foiled of quarry,
Scream shrilly, for their beaks may not be gory
With a dead eagle's heart to-night. O wonder!
Whose mighty wings have stem'd the dangerous gale,
As they shall stem the tempests that come after,
With Hope and Strength for plumes, and win the place
Of Nation-Leader for our England, —Hail!
As for you hypocrites,—Go to; your laughter
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Chaplin was similarly complimented after her violin solo, "Le Retour du Paladin" (Leonard). Mr Ellison contributed Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?", and various songs by Misses Carreras and Agnes Tiffin, MM. W. Monk and Frank Thomas completed an attractive programme. The accompanists were MM. George Gear and C. Trew—*arcades ambo*.

Mdmes LIEBHART and EMES gave their seventh concert at Ladbroke Hall, on the evening of November 27, assisted by Mdmes E. Martens, Romili, Miss Reyloff, Signor de Monaco, Mr Frank Elmore, and M. Henry Logé. As usual the duet singing of the concert-givers carried off the honours of the evening, although the audience fully appreciated the excellent rendering of some German trios, by Mdmes Emes, Mdmes E. Martens, and Herr A. Martens. Mdm. Liebhart's solos were a "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, and the "Guten Morgen" of Abt, both given in her most attractive manner. Miss Reyloff, daughter of the well-known talented conductor of that name, was heard with the utmost approval in a song, "Past and Present," the composition of her father, and M. Logé (the Belgian pianist) was warmly applauded for his brilliant execution of Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*, as well as a serenade and "Caprice de Concert" of his own composition. "A propos of pianists," we may take this opportunity of recording the success of Miss Lillie Albrecht, at a previous concert, when the clever young lady was three times recalled after each of her performances. The last concert of the present series is announced for Saturday, December 11, and the benefit of Mdmes Liebhart and Emes for the Saturday following.

THE Lothbury Male Voice Choir assembled in the Great Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel on the evening of December 1st. The programme contained part-songs, glees, and madrigals, ancient and modern. Mr Michael Watson performed a sonata by Dussek, besides a composition of his own; Mr Lazarus contributing two solos on the clarinet—fantasia on Professor Bergson's opera, *Louise de Montfort*, and Air with Variations by Mohr—in the finished style that might be expected from such a master of his instrument.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh University Musical Association, Sir Herbert Oakley, Professor of Music, stated they had last year 234 members, and with the increased matriculations, he hoped this year they would have at least 300. There was high inducement to work, as the Principal was anxious that choral music should be a feature in the Edinburgh University Tercentenary Celebration of 1882. Sir Alexander Grant said the matriculations up to Monday numbered 2,754. He thought 500 would join the association.

BURY ST EDMUNDS.—The annual commemoration of St Edmund's day took place at the Roman Catholic Chapel. In the morning Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, Haydn's Imperial Mass being sung with orchestral accompaniments. Dr Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, officiated, and the Rev F. De Betham preached the sermon. Miss Challis presided at the organ and also assisted as soprano. The leading soprano was Mdlle Roselli, whose beautiful voice was heard to advantage in many exquisite passages of Haydn's mass. Miss Helen Meason, too, was no less efficient in the music assigned to her, while Messrs Fox, of Ipswich, rendered acceptable aid. The offertory piece was a quartet, "Salve Regina," (Gordon), in which Miss Challis, Miss Meason, and the Messrs Fox took part. Mr Cook and Mr Pratt, of Ipswich, and the Messrs Ida and Nellie Richardson, Messrs Winkup and Brabrook also assisted. The chapel was well filled in the morning, and in the afternoon crowded. At the Sacrament of Confirmation 70 persons were confirmed, the Bishop delivering a prefatory address. The music was very beautifully rendered. Mr Fox, jun., sang Zingarelli's "Laudate Pueri," Mdlle Roselli Gounod's "Ave Maria," and Miss Meason Cherubini's "O Salutaris," the two ladies joining in the duet "Quis est Homo," (Rossini). A very clever "Tantum ergo" by Herr Lutz ended the service.

Mr Barton McGuirk has been, for the last fortnight, laid up in Dublin with a severe attack of bronchitis. We are glad to learn that he is now rather better, and his medical attendants give hopes that he may recover sufficiently to travel in about three weeks or a month's time.

Kossegy lately celebrated his professional jubilee as singer at the National Theatre, Pesth, Herr Ribary, Ministerial Councillor, presenting him, on the part of the Emperor, with the Order of Francis Joseph.

KING LUDWIG'S NEW FOLLY.

King Louis of Bavaria, most eccentric of Royal recluses and musical misogynists, is also an inveterate dabbler in bricks and mortar, and passionately addicted to landscape gardening, a pursuit in which his vast private fortune enables him to indulge to the top of his bent. Not content with the imposing splendours of Hohenschwangau and the romantic beauties of the Lindenhof, he is about to construct upon Lovely Island, on the Lake of Herrenchiem, a colossal palace, far excelling Versailles in size and magnificence of material. Upon this enormous edifice, to be completed within ten years from the date of its inception, His Majesty proposes to expend two millions sterling; and it is his guide, philosopher, and friend, the composer of the Nibelungen Trilogy, with respect to the plans of the splendid theatre which is to be incorporated in his new residence, that King Louis has recently summoned Richard Wagner to Munich. The theatre will occupy the site of a huge brewery, now in course of demolition, which was itself some years ago built upon the foundations of Chiemsee Cathedral, from which the former bishops of that diocese took their title. Attached to the new operahouse will be spacious and comfortable lodgings for all the artists, vocal and instrumental, annually engaged to perform before the King during his sojourn upon Lovely Island. To these performances only such persons of distinction will be invited respecting whose competence to appreciate Wagnerian music His Majesty shall be well assured. For their suitable conveyance from the mainland to the island palace the King has ordered a steamer to be built upon the model of the *Flying Dutchman's* darksome craft, familiar to frequenters of the Munich Court Theatre.—D. T.

MAD. MONTIGNY RÉMAURY, the eminent French pianist, has had brilliant success both in Vienna and at Gratz. The leading journals speak of her in the most flattering terms, and private letters confirm their unanimous verdict.

CAPTAIN ARMIT.—If the report be true, that, after the close of Her Majesty's Theatre, Captain Armit is about to aid his father-in-law in the United States, Colonel Mapleson may be congratulated on the acquisition of so excellent and diligent an officer.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert on Saturday afternoon was chiefly remarkable for an excellent performance of the first of the three quartets dedicated by Beethoven to Rasoumowski—seventh of the immortal seventeen which make up the sum total of the great composer's efforts in this direction. The players were MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Mdlle Janotha, the pianist, selected from Domenico Scarlatti's "Harpsichord Lessons," three pieces which have been heard so often that, for once in a way, it might not be amiss to introduce some less familiar examples of the genius of a composer about whom the famous Roman amateur, Abbé Santini—who had in his possession some 350 "sonatas" for harpsichord or organ—avowed that he was unable to obtain even the half of Scarlatti's instrumental compositions. Does Mdlle Janotha know the fugues in D minor and F minor (of course she knows the G minor—"Cat's Fugue"—as well as M. Rubinstein himself)? If not, let her make acquaintance with them as soon as possible. Herr Straus gave, for solo, the much-too-hackneyed Romance in G of Beethoven; and Signor Piatti was associated with Mdlle Janotha in Rubinstein's D major Sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, heard for the seventh time at the Popular Concerts—which means, its intrinsic value considered, six times too many. The singer was Miss Thorndike, a very promising young artist. On Monday the superb Octet of Schubert, for stringed and wind instruments (horn, as usual, of two movements), very finely executed by Messrs Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Lazarus, Wendland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, was the chief attraction. Mdlle Janotha gave the eternal F sharp minor *Barcarolle* of Chopin—played in perfection, but monotonous nevertheless; Herr Straus repeated Molique's lively *Sultarella* in A minor; Miss Marian McKenzie was the singer; and the concert ended pleasantly with a trio in C major, by "Papa" Haydn—a "Papa" who read excellent lessons, which sundry of his children would do well to study more attentively than is nowadays the custom. Mr Zerbini, as usual, was the accompanist.—Graphic.

EXETER HALL.

New Philharmonic Society.

THE FIRST CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 24th, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

SYMPHONY in C ... (Jupiter) Mozart.
 Allegro Vivace, Andante Cantabile, Minuetto Trio,
 Finale—Allegro Molto.

SELECTION FROM "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIDE" Gluck.
 Song, Chorus, Ballet, and Chorus.

TRIPLE CONCERTO in C, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello... Beethoven.
 Allegro, Largo, Rondo alla Polacca.

M. SILAS, Signor SIVORI, and Signor PIATTI.

OVERTURE ... (Oberon) Weber.
 Adagio, Allegro con Fuoco.

Part II.

THE FIRST PART OF

ROMEO AND JULIET,

A DRAMATIC SYMPHONY WITH SOLOS AND CHORUS.
 BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

No. 1.

Combats—a Tumult—INSTRUMENTAL INTRODUCTION.

PROLOGUE—in Choral Recitative.

SEMI-CHORUS—Strofe, Contralto Solo.

VOCAL SCHERZETTO—Tenor Solo, with SEMI-CHORUS RECITATIVE.
 No. 2. (Instrumental.)

ROMEO alone. Distant Sound of Festive Music. Grand Fête at the
 Mansion of CAPULET.

No. 3. (Instrumental and Vocal.)

The Garden of the CAPULETS, silent and deserted.

JULIET on the balcony—ROMEO in the shade.

Love Scene—ADAGIO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA.

CHORUS of Capulet Youths quitting the Feast.

No. 4.

Queen Mab, or the Fairy of Dreams—SCHERZO INSTRUMENTALE.

OVERTURE ... (Guillaume Tell) Rossini.
 Andante, Allegro, Andante, Allegro Vivace.

THE ORCHESTRA will embrace the highest Talent in Europe.
 THE CHORUS will be select.

LEADER — Signor SIVORI.

CONDUCTOR — M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Subscription to a Series of Six Concerts, Two Guineas;
 Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Gallery, 5s. each;
 West End of Hall, 2s. 6d. each.

To be had of CRAMER, BEALE & CO., 201, Regent Street; and the principal
 Musicians.

RIGA.—The centenary of Conradin Kreutzer's birth was duly
 celebrated in this town, where he died. At two o'clock, p.m., the
 several vocal associations assembled in the Roman Catholic cemetery,
 where the deceased composer is buried, and sang two choruses. A
 speech, also, was delivered over the grave. In the evening there
 was a special performance at the Theatre, a prominent place in the
 programme being occupied by *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, and after
 the theatre a supper in the large hall of the Gewerbeverein.

A LIBRETTIST OF MOZART'S.*

Emanuel Schikaneder, author of the libretto to Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, was born in 1751 at Regensburg, some five years older than the composer. His parents were exceedingly poor, and, being from his boyhood compelled to earn his living as an itinerant musician, he never had any school training, and, to the end of his days, was a bad hand at reading and writing. He subsequently joined at Augsburg a theatrical company, appearing as actor, singer, and even author, with all the confidence of ignorance. He thus obtained, in the lowest degree of art, a kind of rude mechanical experience. As his company included Salzburg among the towns it visited, he made the acquaintance of the Mozart family, who were residents in the place, Wolfgang Amadeus being about twenty-four years of age. After marrying his manager's daughter, Schikaneder undertook the management himself, and did not despise the lowest expedients for ensuring pecuniary success. Thus, on one occasion, he announced in the bills that during the piece of *Agnes Bernauerin*, the Vidam would be precipitated from the bridge, and the announcement proved as attractive as had been anticipated. The hare-brained madcap was soon in easy circumstances, and engaged in bolder speculations based on the weakness of the public. In one of his pieces the only characters were members of the poultry tribe, played by men disguised as such. The principal personage was a goose, the others being cocks and hens. As the noble *impresario* had expended his fortune on getting up this vapid piece of tomfoolery, and as the public treated it with well-merited contempt, Schikaneder was ruined, and had again to look out for an engagement. He found one at the then National-Theater, Vienna, and made his first appearance there on the 1st April, 1785 (the year in which Mozart began to compose *Le Nozze di Figaro*) as the Painter, Schwindel, in a new comic opera, which has long died away, written by Gluck and entitled *Die Pilger von Mecca*. Not displeasing the public, he clutched with his well-known naïve stupidity at more important parts, and made such a terrible failure that he was obliged to leave Vienna. He soon raised himself to the management of the theatre in his native town, Regensburg; but the coarse way in which he again speculated on the lowest classes among the public once more compelled him to flee; he returned to Vienna, where his wife had become a manageress. He assisted her and then himself undertook the management in a house not much better than a booth. Taught by misfortune to take a more sensible view of things, he now determined to give a higher kind of entertainment. At that period German opera and operetta were tolerably new to Vienna, and Schikaneder was fortunate enough to hit upon some attractive novelties of this kind. His receipts were good, but, being a gormandiser, as well as a dissolute and extravagant customer, he did not get out of his difficulties. However, as a practical and experienced man, he always contrived to go on. On one occasion his creditors were so importunate that, with a view of rendering the now famous composer subservient to his own ends, he resolved to renew his Salzburg acquaintance with Mozart, who then resided in Vienna and had produced *Don Juan*. He should, he informed Mozart, be ruined unless he could give the public something extraordinarily attractive. Mozart, he said, must help him to produce such a novelty, for which he, Schikaneder, could supply him with a splendid subject. Mozart was not merely good-natured enough to help the man from sympathy but the dramatic composer in him took fire as soon as he heard the text of *Die Zauberflöte* (the subject of which Schikaneder took from Wieland's *Dschinnistan*), though it was in so crude a form that it had to be subjected to several material alterations. While Mozart was engaged in the work, Schikaneder never failed to help him in all practical points connected with the stage; he took especial care of his own character of Papageno, for, though untrained, he was as a singer naturally musical and knew how to please the public by his drastic style. Just as the opera was being completed, Mozart received a mysterious commission to write a *Requiem* as well as an order from Court for the festal opera of *Titus*. On the 30th September, 1791, *Die Zauberflöte* was given for the first time at the Theater an der Wien, Mozart himself conducting at the piano. The success was not at first all that had been hoped; it was not till during the second act that the public got used to the music, but, after the third, there was a call for Mozart. A search, however, had to be instituted for him, because, in his dissatisfaction with the public, he had hidden himself. Schikaneder ran the opera uninterruptedly till it grew clearer to and more popular with the public, and ended by becoming a great attraction, extricating the librettist, but unfortunately not the composer, out of all his embarrassments.

L. K.

* From the *Leipzig Almanach*.

MARIA MALIBRAN.*

(Concluded from page 761.)

What was the distinctive trait in her character? The date of her first appearance in Paris may assist us to discover it. She arrived about 1829, that is to say, in the very midst of a poetical, dramatic, pictorial, and musical revolution. *Hernani*, *Der Freischütz*, Beethoven's Symphonies, and *Le Naufrage de la Méduse*, had let loose in the domain of art unknown and stormy forces; the atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. Now, Malibran was the representative of this new art, as Pasta had been the sublime interpreter of classic art. Even in Rossini's works, Pasta combined with emotion a dignity, gravity, and nobleness, which belonged to the old school. She was truly the daughter of Sophocles, of Corneille, and of Racine; Malibran was the daughter of Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Alfred de Musset. Everything in her genius was spontaneous, inspired, and effervescent. But at the same time—and this is one of the most striking characteristics of her highly complex organization—at the same time, by a singular contradiction, nature condemned her to the necessity of effort, to stubborn labour constantly renewed. The mysterious fairy who presided over her birth, endowed her with all the gifts of a great actress and of a great singer except one: a perfect instrument. Alfred de Musset says in his poem:

"Ainsi nous consolait sa voix fraîche et sonore,"
and, further on:

"Où sout-ils ces accents
Qui voltigeaient le soir sur ta lèvre inspirée
Comme un parfum léger sur l'aubépine en fleur?"

Nothing of the kind. Malibran's voice did not "flutter" by any means. Malibran's voice had nothing of a "light perfume" about it; and Malibran's voice was not what is termed "fresh and sonorous." Pathetic and powerful, it was harsh and rebellious. When Sontag sang, the sounds which escaped from her throat were so limpid and brilliant that you might have fancied them to be a pure wave of light. Malibran's voice resembled the most precious of all metals: gold, but it had to be torn from out the bosom of the earth: it was gold, but it had to be freed from the dross; it was gold, but it had to be forged and rendered supple like iron under a hammer. I heard her one day at Rome, when she had to play in the *Barbiere*, working away several hours at the runs in her cavatina. From time to time she stopped and addressed her voice, saying in sort of rage: "I will make you obey me!" The struggle was with her a necessity, a habit, which, combined with her indomitable tenacity and her love of impossibilities, imparted to her talent a character of much greater power and originality than that which the poet has drawn; but by suppressing the effort he has dimished the talent. If we would obtain a just idea of what Malibran was, we should think of the school in which she was formed. Garcia, her father, united to the knowledge of a genuine composer marvellous talent as a virtuoso. Nourrit told me that, previously to coming out, he went to ask Garcia's advice. "What piece have you brought?" "The air from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*: 'Pria che sputni!'" "Sing it." On reaching the *point d'orgue*, Nourrit executed a very pleasing run. "Good; execute another." Nourrit executed a second. "And another." Nourrit threw off a third. "And now another." "I am at the end of my tether," replied Nourrit. "After three *points d'orgue*! a genuine singer should be able to extemporise ten, or twenty, if he chooses, for no one can be a genuine singer who is not a genuine musician."

Such was the admirable but rough and rarely satisfied master who taught Malibran. One day, after an hour's work, he said to her: "You will never be anything more than a chorus singer." "I shall have more talent than you," she replied, with a toss of her little head of fourteen. Two years later, at New York, he entered her room, and, in the tone at which all trembled, said: "You will come out on Saturday, with me in *Otello*." "Saturday! Why, that is only six days." "I am very well aware of the fact." "Six days to rehearse a part like that of Desdemona and get used to the stage!" "No objections! You will come out on Saturday and you will be excellent, because, if you are not, in the last scene when I am only supposed to stab you with the dagger, I

will strike in reality!" How was it possible to resist an argument of this kind? Malibran rehearsed the part, played it, and achieved an immense success, introducing at the end a totally unexpected effect, which surprised everyone, especially her father. Those who saw her in the part will remember the new aspect she gave it. Mad. Pasta was sublime in it, but played it as a woman of twenty. Malibran made it sixteen. With her, Desdemona was almost a mere girl. Hence resulted a delicious charm of innocence, of touching weakness, and of child-like ingenuousness, mingled with outbursts of indignation or terror, which sent a shudder through the whole house. In the last scene, when Otello with dagger raised advances towards Desdemona, Pasta, strong in her virtue and her courage, went forward to meet the blow; Malibran fled in affright, running to the windows and the doors, and bounding like a terrified fawn! Now, at her *début*, when her father seized her in her efforts to escape and drew his weapon, she entered so profoundly into her double part of artist and of daughter, the appalling expression of her terrible father as he glanced askant at her seemed so really and truly her death-warrant, that, seizing his hand as it was descending on her, she bit it till the blood came. Garcia uttered a low cry of pain which was taken for a cry of fury, and the act finished amid frantic applause. This shows what she really was, and what the stage made her! She was sometimes so violently affected by the dramatic situation as to become like one possessed! Unable always to arrange and announce beforehand what she would do, because she did not know it herself! Saying to the different Otellos who acted with her: "Seize me where you can in the last scene, for at that moment I cannot answer for my movements!" Never studying her attitudes and gestures before a glass, but seized on the stage by strange inspirations, which she carried out with an audacity that took the place of address! In the second act of *Otello*, in the great scene of anguish where she is awaiting the result of the duel, she actually on one occasion singled out a poor devil of a supernumerary from a group of his fellows, and, bringing him down to the front of the stage, asked for news of the combat with an outburst of despair and passion which was very nearly exciting the hilarity of the house! But her impetuosity and sincerity carried all before them. The supernumerary was so utterly stupefied that his stupor rendered him motionless and his immobility lent him dignity. What would have been ridiculous with anyone else was sublime with her! These daring strokes which filled her acting were carried by her into her singing. A dangerous thing to do with an organ sometimes so rebellious. Fancy a general endeavouring to carry a position in double quick time with troops who cannot run! What was the result? A double and very singular one. If her imagination was calm, she summoned to her aid her profound science, for I never knew a more skilful virtuosa; she composed on her refractory instrument; she employed temperament and address; the most dexterous horseman would never have got more out of a horse by clever management. I recollect one evening, just as she was going off to play in *La Cenerentola*, one of her friends put the commonplace question: "Well, Madame, are you in voice this evening?" "In voice?" she answered gaily. "Look!" and opening her mouth she showed in her throat one of those patches which are signs of quinsy. "What! are you going to sing with a throat like that?" "Certainly, I am! oh, we know each other, my throat and I! We have fought often enough! and this evening I will so manage it that it shall carry me on to the end, without anyone save myself perceiving what an effort is necessary. Come and you shall see!" She did as she said she would. But if, by chance, the instrument was found wanting on one of her days of fiery and reckless inspiration . . . why in that case, so much the worse for the instrument. There was an implacable struggle between them. She would not admit it could resist her! She demanded from it all she felt within herself! It had to obey, even though it might perish in doing so. Sometimes, by an heroic effort of this kind, she obtained prodigious effects, which she would not perhaps have obtained, had it not been necessary for her to carry them by violence, as the Titans wanted to carry Heaven. But now and then the weaker combatant was the stronger, the rebellious organ resisted and she fell into exaggeration. . . . Well, would anyone believe it! Such very inequalities imparted an additional charm, the charm of surprise, to her talent. With her the audience were always in a state of expectation. She

* From a pamphlet written by M. Ernest Legouvé and published by Hetzel, Paris.

might play the same part twenty times, she was always different. This need of the unforeseen, this love of adventure, sometimes involved her in enterprises which were more than rash, though she always emerged safely from them by some miracle or other of will. At an extraordinary performance of *Otello*, she once sang, in the course of the same evening, Otello in the first act, Iago in the second, and Desdemona in the third. Her voice was a mezzo-soprano, lying, as we know, between a contralto and a soprano. Well, no victorious king, confined between two foreign kingdoms, was ever more tormented with the wish to invade those kingdoms, than Malibran was to make an incursion into the two voices bordering her own! The word: limit, was unbearable; it was impossible for her to understand that she could not do what anybody else would do; her life was spent in endeavouring to go up as high as Sontag, and down as low as Pisaroni. What was our surprise to hear her one day execute a shake on the extreme note of the soprano-register. We loudly expressed what we felt. "Does that astonish you?" she said, laughingly. "Oh! the horrible note! It has cost me trouble enough. I have been trying for the last month to get it! When I was dressing, when I was doing my hair, when I was walking, and when I was riding; at last, I hit on it this morning, as I was tying my shoes." "And where did you hit upon it, Madame?" "There," she replied, laughing. "There!" as she touched her forehead with the tip of her finger in the most charming manner—for one of the characteristics of this strange being was to envelop all her acts of daring in a supple, light, and natural gracefulness not to be described. You felt that her domain was the impossible; she did what she chose there.

HENRI REBER.

Napoleon Henri Reber has just died, aged seventy-three. Born at Mulhouse on the 21st October, 1807, he pursued his musical education at the Paris Conservatory, where he was a pupil of Lesueur's. He succeeded Onslow at the Institute in 1853, and in 1862 was chosen to fill the professorship of composition left vacant at the Conservatory by the death of Halévy. Though devoted more especially to chamber music, he produced several comic operas, some of which were very successful. Among them may be mentioned *La Nuit de Noël*, *Le Père Gaillard*, *Les Papillotes de M. Benoit*, and *Les Dames Capitaines*. Reber, moreover, composed four symphonies and seven trios for piano, violin, and violoncello. He also wrote a *Treatise on Harmony*. He leaves a quantity of posthumous compositions, which he requests, in his will, M. Achille Dien to publish. His MSS. are bequeathed to the Conservatory. The funeral took place on the 27th November, the religious service being performed in the Protestant Church of the Rue Roqueline, and the interment at Père-Lachaise. In obedience to the expressed desire of the deceased, no speech was made over the grave, but, as he was an officer of the Legion of Honour, military honours were paid him by a detachment of the 31st Regiment of the Line. A vast concourse of well-known musicians attended on the occasion.

OH! SUMMER NIGHT SO CALM.*

SONG.

I.

Oh! summer night so calm and fair,
In starry mantle drest,
Sweet is the healing balm you bear
To soothe the mourner's breast.
With soft moonlight and dew-drops bright
You gild the peaceful vale,
And breathe delight, oh! lovely night,
In songs of nightingale.

II.

And if these fail to calm his woes,
And dry his eyes sad streams,
You steep his soul in soft repose,
And soothe him with sweet dreams.
Then from the tomb friends seem to come
Who lov'd him when a boy,
And scenes of home around him bloom,
And cheat him into joy.

* Copyright.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

GERNSHEIM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIRRAH!—In your last issue you describe Fritz Gernsheim as a well-known professor at Berlin, whereas in reality he is director of the Conservatoire of Rotterdam. As he is one of the foremost composers of "Young Germany," several of his compositions having been performed here, at the Pops, Philharmonic, &c., I think he deserves to be described as a well-known composer, instead of a well-known professor.

I may add that his Pianoforte Concerto was performed with great success as far back as ten years ago, at that sanctum so difficult of access to foreign composers—the Paris Conservatory. I have had the good fortune to hear his new Violin Concerto, to be introduced on the 18th inst., at the Crystal Palace, by Emile Sauret, and feel certain that the favourable opinion gained for the work in Germany will be cordially endorsed by an English audience. I trust you will forgive me both for presuming to correct your invariably accurate statements, and for trespassing on your invaluable space, and remain, yours faithfully,

THE AMATEUR CRITIC.

6, Ovington Square, S. W., Nov. 29.

COLOGNE.

(Correspondence.)

The second Gürzenich Concert might justly have laid claim to the epithet, "international," so many European nationalities were represented at it. Among the artists were a fair Swedish vocalist, a Danish composer, and a Spanish violinist, while German, Italian, French, Polish, Scandinavian, and Spanish music figured in the programme. The Swedish lady, Mdlle Amalie Riego, of Stockholm, sang Rosina's first air from *Il Barbier*, some Swedish songs, and a Mazurka of Chopin's; the Danish composer, M. Hartmann, of Copenhagen, conducted his overture to a tragedy entitled *Eine nordische Heerfahrt*; and the Spanish violinist, Sarasate, performed among other things Saint-Saëns' third and last Violin Concerto. One great attraction was a new choral composition by Ferdinand Hiller. It is founded on a theme, "Es fürchten die Götter das Menschen-geschlecht," from Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.—Niels Gade, who came to conduct his *Crusaders* at the third Gürzenich Concert, was the object of general attention. The leading instrumental and choral associations made it a point of including some of his compositions in their programmes.—Mozart's *Don Juan*, with the original recitatives, has been the latest quasi-novelty at the Stadttheater.

ACCIDENT TO MME MARIE ROZE.—While playing Carmen at the matinée, on November 13, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Marie Roze met with an accident. At the termination of the first act, while crossing a high bridge at the rear of the stage, the structure gave way. Marie, seeing the danger, sprang on an upright timber at the side, there clinging until rescued. Her hands and arms were somewhat strained and cut, and it was with difficulty that the opera was continued. Local physicians fear she has sustained internal injuries.

MONTE CARLO.—The approaching season will be exceptionally good. Mad. Adelina Patti is engaged from the 15th January to the 1st March, her companions being Stuarda, Pedimonte, Nicolini, Berardi, Ciampi, Raguer, and Soto, with Romeo Accursi as conductor, and the immeasurable Tagliafico as stage-manager. The supreme direction is vested in Jules Cohen. The repertory includes *La Traviata*, *Il Barbier*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Lucia*. Mad. Patti will reside at the Villa Sainte-Cécile.

VIENNA.—The experiment of cheap performances of classical works was inaugurated at the Imperial Operahouse with *Der Freischütz*, to be followed by *Les Deux Journées* and *Fidelio*.—Ernst's widow, who is "Officier d'Académie" and "Lectrice en poésie" at the Sorbonne, has been stopping for some little time past in this capital. She thinks of shortly giving some lectures here.

DESSAU.—The anniversary of the death of Friedrich Schneider, who officiated at one time here as *Capellmeister*—was commemorated at the Ducal Theatre by the production of a new four-act "dramolet"—whatever that may be—entitled *Das Weltgericht*, from the pen of Rudolph Bunge. Several of the principal passages, arranged for chorus and orchestra by Herr Thiele, the present conductor, from Schneider's oratorio bearing the same name as the "dramolet," were introduced at the end of the latter.

MR BARRINGTON FOOTE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Kindly inform me whether the Mr Barrington Foote who has recently been playing in *Faust* and *Aida* at Her Majesty's Theatre, is himself or his brother, and therein oblige yours,

BAKER BUTCHER BAKER.

[The identical Mr Barrington Foote. What better than so competent an artist could be desired? So far as we know of, there are no Barrington Feet.—Dr Blinge.]

WAIFS.

Wagner is installed once more in his house at Bayreuth.

Marchetti is writing a new opera, *La Figlia di Rolando*.

Mad. Montigny-Rémaury is expected at Dresden on the 6th inst.

Sig. De Giosa is writing an opera, *La Scimmia di Catone*, book by Guidi.

Margherita, by Foroni, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Nuovo, Verona.

Aida has been produced at the New Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Mad. Ristori commences on the 15th inst. a series of performances in Munich.

Sangermano has completed the score of a new opera, libretto by Arrigo Boito.

Rossi and Orefice have been re-appointed conductors at the San Carlo, Naples.

F. Bechtel, of Brooklyn, U.S., has composed an opera, entitled *Alfred the Great*.

The Town Musicians of Chemnitz have elected as conductor Herr Scheel, of Schwerin.

The winter operatic season was inaugurated at Barcelona with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*.

Luigi Mancinelli has consented to conduct a series of concerts by the Quartet Society, Milan.

An Italian opera-company engaged at Tunis will initiate the season with *La Forza del Destino*.Among operas promised this season at the Teatro Civico, Cagliari, is *Il Mercante di Venezia*, by Piniuti.

M. Delabordne announces three pianoforte "Recitals" at Lyons, the first dedicated exclusively to Beethoven.

The oratorio of *Petrus*, by Th. Berthold, was performed a short time since in the Frauen Kirche, Dresden.

Gericke, Imperial chapel-master, has succeeded Herr Kremser as conductor of the Society's Concerts, Vienna.

Bizet's *Roma* was recently performed at the Metropolitan Music Hall, New York, for the first time in America.G. de Beauplan's Grand French Opera Company opened at New Orleans, on the 8th inst., with *Robert le Diable*.

Ernest Gabler's pianoforte manufactory, New York, has been burnt down. Three hundred pianofortes were destroyed.

Verdi has left his Santa Agata Villa, Busseto, for the Palazzo Doria, Genoa. (His usual wintry custom.—Dr Blinge.)

Mdile Hartmann, of Schwerin, a pupil of Kücken's, has appeared at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, as the Page in *Les Huguenots*.*L'Africaine*, with Mdile Goldsticker and Herr Stritt in the leading parts, has been performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe.

The English opera season under the Strakosch-Hess management, commenced at the Globe theatre, Boston, U.S., on the 8th November.

There is one thing an editor escapes, and that is lying awake at night, thinking where he will spend his vacation.—*American Contemporary*.The German version of the French book to M. Léo Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* has been written for the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, by Walzel and Genée.For *Die Geisterbraut*, the opera of Prince Eagen of Würtemberg, to be given at Stuttgart, 7000 marks will be spent on dresses and 18,000 for scenery, &c.After a private performance of *Aida* in Munich before King Ludwig, that monarch presented the artists with a costly token of his benign satisfaction.

A Vocal Mass, with accompaniment of harmonium, violoncello and double bass, by an amateur, the Baron de Rieseis, was lately performed in Naples.—(Glad I wasn't there.—Dr Blinge.)

Mr John Cross announces a series of Monday evening concerts to be given in the Holborn Town Hall. The programmes are arranged to suit all tastes, and the prices of admission are very moderate—the front seats being two shillings, the body of the hall, one shilling, and the gallery, sixpence. The new hall, which is very handsome, and can accommodate some hundreds of visitors, contains a splendid organ built by Gray & Davison.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—A new and important feature in the arrangements for Mr Boosey's present season is the engagement of a choir consisting of about sixty voices, selected from the South London Choral Association, directed by Mr L. C. Venables. These well-trained choristers gave at the first concert some half-dozen part songs, with special effect—especially the chorus, "Harvest Home," from Macfarren's opera, *Helvellyn*, Piniuti's serenade, "In this hour of softend splendour," and Knyvett's part-song, "The Bells of St Michael's Tower."—*Daily News*.

NORWICH.—On Monday, November 22nd, the body of Henry Minns, one of the lay clerks at Norwich Cathedral, was discovered in an unoccupied part of the building, hanging from the roof. From the appearance of the body it had been there some days, and it appears that deceased has been missing for nearly a fortnight. He was well known as a tenor singer, and a favourite at the Norwich Festivals and elsewhere. An inquest will be held. It is said that this suicide necessitated a re-consecration of the cathedral, and the special service on behalf of the Choirs' Benevolent Fund, announced for Wednesday the 24th, could not consequently be held.—*Times*, November 23rd.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—(Correspondence.)—Alderman Doublebody and Dr Cheese present their compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*. They entertain no intention just now of changing their comfortable quarters. At the hotel they encounter Royal personages in every corridor; while out of doors music is everywhere to be heard. On Friday last there was a fine performance of Max Bruch's *Lay of the Bell*, by the Cäcilien Verein—the leading parts being sustained by Misses Filhunger and Hohenschild, Messrs Staudigl (Carlsruhe) and William Candidus, who all acquitted themselves admirably. The chorus and orchestra won and merited high praise. Still, notwithstanding its thoroughly effective execution, under Director Müller, the composition seemed to make no great impression. [I am not surprised, after the experience of Birmingham.—Dr Blinge]. On Sunday morning Julius Stockhausen gave a very interesting matinée, the most attractive morceaux being the *Lieder*, sung (how, need not be said) by the Professor himself, who has never shone to greater advantage. Our Royal friends of Denmark left on Saturday. Since their departure we meet daily (at five o'clock tea and late dinners) the Landgraf and Landgräfin of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Hesse, Princess Battenberg, and Prince Nicolaus of Nassau—frequent attendants, by the way, at the Opera and Concert-room. The Brothers Drexel are excellent fellows. They give us five or six meals a day and charge nothing, being satisfied to see our names upon their books. They are also eager huntsmen and dead shots. It is said they have done away with the Whistling Alchemist. If it is true that Sheriff Bulb and Dr Brandies are coming here, on their way to *Parsifal*, it would be kind to let them know that they will find no easy admittance here. The Drexels, who cannot abide "vagrom men," "comprehend" on the spot.—*Hotel de Russie*, Nov. 30.

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